

A THRILLING
NARRATIVE

OF THE
HORRIBLE SUFFERINGS & MIRACULOUS ESCAPE

OF
SAMUEL BROWN,

RESIDENT OF HARRISON CO., O., WHO WAS THROWN
FROM HIS HORSE ON THE PRAIRIE, IN THE STATE
OF IOWA, DECEMBER 17TH, A. D. 1850, BEING

FOUR DAYS & FOUR NIGHTS

EXPOSED TO THE INCLEMENCY OF THE SEVEREST FREEZING WEATHER
THAT HAD BEEN FELT IN THAT COUNTRY FOR MANY YEARS;
HAVING ONE OF HIS LEGS BROKEN, AND BOTH FROZEN,
AND BEING WITHOUT FOOD OR SHELTER, SUR-
ROUNDED BY WOLVES BOTH NIGHT AND
DAY. CONTAINING, ALSO, AN
ACCOUNT OF THE

HORRIBLE MANNER

IN WHICH ONE OF HIS LEGS WAS AMPUTATED BY TWO IOWA SURGEONS.

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WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

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ARRANGED, REVISED AND CORRECTED BY

JAMES F. MCGAW;

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JAMES ILLER PRINTER, UHRICHSVILLE, OHIO.

1852.

TO THE PUBLIC.

This is to certify that I have been acquainted with the Author of this Narrative for some five or six years, and can confidently assure the public that I have always found him to be a young man of good morals; and that the following narrative may be relied upon as strictly true.

J. F. McGAW.

April 26th, 1852.

That the following Narrative is true, we need but refer you to the account as published in a great number of the leading papers in the United States at the time the accident occurred. Reader, if you were deprived of both your legs, having no trade by which to support yourself, you then could appreciate the very unfortunate condition of the Author. However, he asks not charitable donations, but simply asks you to buy his book, which, by the way, is richly worth the price. Will it be said of you, that you have done to him as you would that he should do to you?

THE PRINTER.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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In offering to the public this little pamphlet, I would beg permission to give my reasons for so doing.

First. In order to give the world at large, a true and faithful account of what I suffered both in body and mind, hoping that it may prove beneficial to the rising generation in calling their attention to religion in health, that they might be prepared for death in any emergency.

Second. I am now a poor cripple, and have no way of maintaining myself. I was raised on a farm—I have no trade; therefore I must seek other means to procure a livelihood. It is true my father has a tolerable good farm; but then he has a very large family to support off of it, and share it unto, at his decease. I think I can say without incurring the censure of egotism that I always loved to work. At all events, I shall lay claim to an equal share of industry with my neighbours; but I know of no work which I can do now. Therefore, I must obtain my livelihood some other way. I thought that I might make something in publishing to the world an account of the dangers and sufferings through which I passed.

To those of my readers, who are unacquainted with me, or who have not seen me, or heard the facts contained herein corroborated by the testimony of others, the following nar-

rative will almost, if not entirely appear incredible. But as I must give an account to God for all I say or do, I do protest that this is a true history of my sufferings.

I am aware that many fictitious publications of daring exploits, and horrible sufferings have been thrown into the lap of community. I am aware also that such publications injure the sale of those, which are really true. Still, however, I shall expect a liberal patronage for my humble endeavours.

I now appeal to the public for their aid. I do not ask a charitable donation from you—all I ask is,—*purchase my pamphlets*. I think you would find it interesting, if not instructive.

Relying upon the mercy of God, and the generosity of my fellow men, for protection and support, I affectionately subscribe myself,

Your afflicted brother,

SAMUEL BROWN.

Pine Run, Harrison County, O. April 23d, 1852.

## CHAPTER I.

Birth—Contemplated Journey—Leaves Home—Cholera on the River—Deaths—Robbery—Arrest, &c.

I was born in Belmont County, Ohio, on the 1st day of March, A. D. 1828. In 1831, my father moved to Monroe township Harrison Co. O., where he now resides. It was in this township where I was raised, having labored on my father's farm until I was twenty two years of age.

At this age I concluded to try my fortune in the broad and busy world. Accordingly, having obtained the means, by my own industry, I came to the conclusion that the western country afforded the most cheering inducements for a young man of industrious habits. To me, the thoughts and hopes of a comfortable home, though among strangers, and far from the home of my youth, and the "scenes of my childhood," were truly cheering. The 7th day of October A. D. 1850, was the time appointed for commencing my journey. In the month of August, one of my brothers proposed to join my company, and try his success in the west with mine.—This gave me much more courage. My anticipations of success were elevated to the highest degree; little thinking of the pain, and suffering that awaited me. Oh! had I known the dangers that were to beset me in a land of strangers, where no tender mother's hand could wipe the sweat from my aching brow, then would I have remained at home.

To those of my readers who have experienced the feelings of tenderness and sorrow, in a parting hour,—when father mother, sisters and brothers extend the parting hand, per-

haps for the last time on earth, can readily conceive those of mine when I, for the first time, left my parental roof. What love is like a mother's—aye, and what sorrow like hers.—Who can forget a mother's care—a mother's love—a mother's prayers.

The thoughts of our leaving home, so distressed my mother, that tears and sobs would choke her utterance. She would often speak to us about the dangers we should encounter in our new adventure. She put forth every endeavour to induce us to abandon so dangerous a journey, but, what can check the ambition of youth, when once determined? There are no obstacles, or dangers, but what must bend to the hopes and anticipations of excited ambition.

The time of our departure rolled on, and although the days seemed weeks, yet they were swift enough, alas too swift.—A few days before we were to start, some of the young folks of our neighborhood paid us a visit.

The evening was spent in mirth and jollity. We were all in fine spirits, making the merry laugh “ring through parlor and hall.” Oh! how little did I think that at our next meeting they would find me a poor cripple for life—deprived of both my legs. How little did I think that 3 months from this pleasant interview, I should be struggling in pain and distress among strangers in a strange land; but time alone can reveal our dangers, sufferings and disappointments.

The time for our departure at last arrived. Monday morning, Oct. 7th, was at hand. Oh! what a scene was now before my eyes. In a few hours we should bid farewell to father and mother, sisters and brothers, perhaps to meet no more. A cloud of sorrow hung over my mother's heart this morning. Having gathered together our clothes, she retired into private, to give vent to her feelings.

. None but a heart destitute of any filial sympathy can for-

bear weeping over the sorrows of a heart-wounded mother; and for the first time, I found my heart "conjoined with her's to weep." Presently my brother made his appearance, saying it was no use to weep as that would not aid us, one way or the other. While shaking hands with the family my eyes were suffused with tears. This appeared the hardest trial I had yet encountered. On extending my hand to my devoted mother, she clasped it almost with the eagerness of despair, saying at the same time, "Samuel be prayerful to God, so that if I meet you no more on this earth, I may meet you in heaven."

Having bid them all farewell, we started with buggy and horses for the river. Our father came with us to the river, and on its "pleasant green banks" we bid him farewell.

We here joined a small company who were going to the same State to which we were bound. There were six in this company, viz; Isaac Shisler and Lady and children, Dr. W. W. Knight and Lady, Harvey Knight and Thomas Busby. These with myself and brother, composed the little band of emigrants for the prairie lands of Iowa.

How joyfully we all stepped on board the noble Steamer, little dreaming that death the "King of Terrors" was so close upon our heels, and that a few days spent in social hilarity was to be succeeded so soon, by the knell of time summoning a part of our company to pass through the iron gates of death. But such was the fact. Scarcely had we bid farewell to the "Queen City," ere solemn tidings of death were announced in our ears. That fatal shaft of death—dread scourge of man,—the Asiatic Colera, burst forth in our midst in all its stern, and soul chilling horror. Among the first of its victims was the Wife of Dr. Knight—(daughter of the Rev. James McGaw,) who after an illness of some 3 or 4 days was deposited in a grave yard in the village of Hawsville, Ky.

Scarcely had the Dr. shed his last tear over the grave of his departed spouse, ere he too, fell a victim to its mortal ravages, and was buried by his bro. Harvey in Evansville, Ind. one hundred miles from his wife.

Those of my readers who are not accustomed to witness the heart rending scenes of the sick chamber, can form but a faint conception of what I am now going to relate.

Never before in the history of my short life had I beheld such suffering and anguish both mental and bodily, as I witnessed, while on the river, in the midst of death, and that too, of the most horrible aspect. Husbands and wives—parents and children—all mingling their voices in deep sympathy and lamentation for the dead and dying. This must be a heart, hard as the adamant, and cold as the polar ice, who can stand by, and hear the groans of the dying, writhing in the deepest anguish of mind and body, without a deep manifestation of sympathy bestowed upon the unhappy and unfortunate sufferers. Yet such there are: Fiends in human shape. The human heart under the influence of vice, and ungoverned by the pure principles of the christian religion, knows not the law of kindness, nor feels not for the distressed and unfortunate. This truth is fully exemplified in the lives and characters of those who follow the thoroughfares of the country, either by land or water. Accustomed to the darkest scenes of crime, they plunge their whole being into acts of barbarism and brutality, scarcely unparalled in the darkest ages of the world.

In my course down the river I was eye-witness to several death-bed scenes, which I never shall forget.

Permit me to give you a short sketch of one or two of them. Both relate to the same family.

One of the children of a family aboard the boat, took the cholera about the break of day. The parents done all they



could to arrest the progress of the fatal malady, but in vain. The hand of death had fastened upon its vitals,—human effort could not snatch it from the jaws of the devourer. So rapid was the progress of the disease, that about sunrise it was scarcely able to speak. The mother now began to weep over the little sufferer. As I gazed upon that dying child and weeping mother, my heart was touched. Poor child, it was sinking through the gates of death—its little body was wrecked with pain—but its soul was at peace with its Creator. That mother! whose soul yearned over her dying child—stood motionless,—speechless, while tear after tear coursed its way down her way-worn cheek. Oh! what bitter thoughts must have crowded into her mind. The thoughts of her former *home*, where her little cherub had lived and sported in health upon the “noisy green,” but which was now exchanged for an anticipated one, among strangers, were truly afflicting, in this hour of distress.—*That mother felt it all—felt it deeply.* Some time before her little sufferer had given o’er life’s eager struggle, it looked up into its mothers face, and beholding her weeping, exclaimed, with a face serene in the arms of death, “Mother, mother, don’t cry,” and then rolled over upon its side, and sunk in calmness in “death’s cold arms.” Scarcely had the first child uttered these words to its mother, than, another came up to her saying “Mother don’t cry, for I aint well.”—His mother asked him what was the matter, he replied “there are pains all through me.” The mother then bade him lye down, which he did for the last time in this life. He had lain there but a few moments, when he raised up and said, “Mother I am going home, and I don’t want you to cry.”—In a few moments after he spoke this to his mother, he was siezed with the lock-jaw. The attention of the parents seemed to be drawn to the first child, not thinking the other

one was so bad. I now told the parents that both of their children were dying, and, indeed, I scarcely knew which died first, so sudden and rapid was this disease. Who can describe the feelings of a distracted mother weeping over her dying children, and that, too, among strangers, and cold hearted lookers on? I shall not make the attempt.

The children having died, they were nailed up in a box, and ordered to be left on the shore, with three others that died on the boat. But the mother and father of the dead children would not hear to it—and by much pleading got the consent of the mate to carry them to St. Louis, where they arrived the next morning. As soon as the boat landed, they were ordered to carry their children ashore.—So the father picked up the box containing his two dead children, and his companion took her surviving infant, (the only child they had left,) and started off to find them an humble spot, where their remains might lie in peace and quietude until God should call them forth.

We arrived in St. Louis about an hour before daylight.—I with some others were stationed as guard upon the deck till daylight, to see that none left the boat without orders from the captain. The reason of this was as follows:

There was a young man on board, who was taken sick with the cholera, about the same time that the children were. This young man had formed an acquaintance with another that was on the boat when he took the cholera, this other young man felt deeply for him in his distressed condition; accordingly, he offered the sick man his services. He waited upon him night and day, until sleep overcome him, he laid down with 93 dollars in his pocket, but awoke without one cent in it—his hat also was gone and replaced by an old one. A young woman on board who offered to wait upon the young man who was sick with the cholera, while the other

young man slept, with several others were taken up on suspicion, and all examined but no trace of the money was discovered. I was present and seen all the trunks searched.— When we came to examine this young widow woman, she pulled off her underskirt and ripped a pocket open which she had sewed up, containing about 500 dollars, in bank notes, and asked “if that was it.” The young man had to lose his money, and his sick companion was conveyed to the hospital.

## CHAPTER II.

**Terrible Contest between two Steamers—Horrible end of a wicked man dying with the Cholera.**

The next day after we landed in St. Louis we were on our way to Keokuk, having taken passage on the Steamer "Lady Burton." This boat had carried the mail in former days, until a new vessel made its appearance on the river. The name of the new boat is "New England." She being considered the fastest sailing boat, the mail was taken from the "Lady Burton" and given to the "New England."

In order to show my readers the state of feeling that existed between the captains of the two boats, I will relate what occurred on our passage up the river.

One evening about dusk, the pilot discovered a boat coming up the river behind us; he soon discovered it to be the New England. This boat was endeavouring to pass the "Lady Burton." The Captain, understanding the movement of N. England, ordered his hands to hoist up two barrels of bacon, and also two of rosin; and told the fireman to heave it in the fire, as he was determined not to be passed by that boat. Wishing to see the famed N. England under full sail, I took my station on the guard of the stern, and soon discovered that she was gaining fast upon us; at length the N. England came up with us; and the two boats ran side by side for some time, neither one or the other gaining distance.—I was informed that, two weeks before, these two vessels came in contact—one endeavouring to pass the other—at last the pilots got angry at each other; and in a fit of anger, the Cap-

tain of the Lady Burton turned his boat under full force to wards the other boat, causing his boat to run into the New England taring off the wheel and Cook house, besides doing some other damage. But having come together this time, they ran along, side by side, until they came to a bend in the river and the Lady Burton being a little a head, her bow was turned towards the shore, thinking by so doing, that the N. England would have to stop or run ashore: But she was determined to do neither, so she made a small curve and came, under the force of all her steam, upon our vessel, striking her right behind the wheel house, cutting clear through the guard and smashing one yoke of cattle all to pieces; and also threw a horse into the river, which we never seen again.

The collision of two such masses of matter was tremendous; knocked our vessel all to one side, so that we had to run ashore to get her ballanced again. Having ballanced our vessel we proceeded on our journey, and about midnight we were compelled to lay by till morning, in consequence of the fog which became so dense that we could not keep the channel of the river. As soon as day had dawned, we again proceeded up the river, and about 10 o'clock, A. M. passed the New England, sticking fast on a sand bar; they were striving with all their mights to extricate themselves from their unpleasant situation. As our vessel passed the one on the bar, our crew began shouting in triumph over their unfortunate rival, to their no small chagrin. We saw no more of this boat, till our boat had made her trip, and on her way back.

During our trip from St. Louis, until we landed, I must confess that I felt some very unpleasant sensations, not just exactly knowing what might be the result, of such very close communion between two hostile crews. One thing was absolutely certain, the spirit of kindness between those two

vessels was far from being coveted or admired. It is my opinion, and I think I am correct, that the greater part of the destruction of life and property on our thorough-fares is caused by imprudency of conduct on the part of the captains and overseers of vessels.

Before entering into a description of the country over which I travelled, after landing, I will relate, the death of a wicked man, who was taken with the cholera on our boat, and which I was eye witness to. It will serve to teach us, while in health, to prepare for death.

This man and his wife, the evening before he was seized with the colera, laid down to sleep on their bed; presently another man laid down at the foot of his bed; this so enraged the man in the bed, that he ordered the other man away, swearing vengeance upon him in case he should not go away. The man at the foot arose, went away, but soon returned to his former position: the man in bed, arose and kicked his intruding companion away from his bed;—a scuffle was just taking place as the officers of the boat made their appearance, and took the intruder away. The man now laid down again to sleep, little thinking that it was the last night's rest he should ever enjoy.

The next morning about day light he took the cholera, declaring that he must die. Being unprepared for such a sudden and awful change, he commenced lamenting his perilous condition. As the horrors of death gathered thick and dark over his guilty mind, pointing him to slighted mercy—an offended God and an awful hell, he cried aloud, in accents of deepest agony about his "RUINED SOUL." The companion of his bosom stood by her dying husband, witnessing with feelings indescribable, the solemn and awful scene. His wife told him to pray. But he replied "I cannot pray, I never prayed in my life." A baptist preacher who happened to be

on the boat came to him, and told him to pray to God for forgiveness, at the same time kneeling down, he offered up a prayer in behalf of the dying man. But all in vain, the dying Sinner under his insupportable load of guilt, exclaimed, "I am a *lost man*, and my disease is carrying me away very fast." For more than six hours did he roll in agony and torment, continually exclaiming "I am a lost man--*lost, lost, in perdition,*"--He died delirious, with curses upon his lips.

Never shall I forget this awful scene: An immortal soul writhing in the agonies of death, with no hope of heaven or happiness! Oh! the feelings of that tender wife as she looked upon her dying husband, sinking down to hell! What a *solemn* admonition to us who are yet on the side of mercy, for "Death at the farthest can't be far."

And we too must obey his call, prepared or unprepared.

### CHAPTER III.

#### Travels through part of Iowa—Narrow Escape from Drowning, &c.

Having landed at Keokuk, after resting awhile, we proceeded to examine the country. Starting from Keokuk, we travelled 14 miles westward in Lee county. We saw some very handsome farms, and farm houses, but very little timber. We travelled on in this direction, on the dividing line between the Desmoine & S. Skunk rivers, making our journey about 180 miles to Wapello Co.;—having travelled through Lee, Van Buren, Jefferson, and Wapello counties. In all of these counties there is but little timber; I only seen one Coal Bank and two springs. The prairies, however, are very level and beautiful. To the eye of the traveler they present a most imposing aspect: as far as the eye can reach in every direction, one uniform and seemingly boundless expanse of prairie presents itself. In one point of view it is very pleasing for the farmer to stand in his own door, and look all over his farm, and probably several others, without a single hill to intercept his view. But in another point, it is not quite so pleasant—when he comes to haul his wood from *two to ten* miles, and drive his stock from *two to three*, miles to water them, it does not seem either quite so *pleasant* or *convenient*.

When we arrived in Wapello Co., we rested one day with a gentleman named Picken. He had out a large crop of fine looking corn; we helped him to husk four rows, which yielded 150 bushels. The rows ran across a twenty acre field. The next morning we started north, and travelled



through Manaska, Keokuk, Poweshiek, Iowa, Benton, Lin and Buchanan counties. In all of these counties we had scarcely any roads to guide us. We were too far west to strike any roads running north and south. All the roads that we came to, seemed to run east and west. The first day after we left Wapallo Co., we traveled about 40 miles, in all of our course seeing but little timber. About sunset we came to a house, where we got lodging. Here my brother was taken very ill, with a cutaneous eruption, resembling the "*hives*." I administered some teas to him which drove out the eruption, and he immediately got better, so that the next morning he was able to proceed with us on our journey. We came to the South Skunk river about noon; we crossed the river, and traveled about 2 miles, without the least sign of a road to guide us, until we came to a house, where we got some directions concerning our course. So we cut across the prairie, making our own road as we went; and about sunset a beautiful grove appeared in view; here we found but *one house*, and were informed by the family that resided in it, that there was no other family living within seven miles of them. We got permission to stay with them all night; but did not feel as comfortable as we might have felt in a more populous neighbourhood. I did not just exactly understand the movements of the man of the house. He got up several times during the night, and seemed to be very uneasy about something. There appeared to be something in his mind which was by no means reconcilable with good feelings. He took *particular notice* where we laid our *clothes*, and when he would get up he would particularly observe whether we were *awake* or *asleep*. Finding us awake, he would go out of doors. Once when he went out he brought in the axe, and laid it down at the door, remarking that the

dogs were making a great deal of fuss;—he thought there were Indians about, trying to steal something, and that he had better bring in his axe, for fear they might steal it. But we thought differently. Our opinion was, that he wanted to try the edge of his axe upon our skulls, at a suitable opportunity; but the chance was not favourable.

From the very singular manner in which our host and hostess acted during the night, we did not sleep much.—They kept getting up and laying down again, all night.—About two hours before day, while they were both up, I arose from my bed, determining to have my share of the “Watch night, too.” On rising from our beds at this early hour, they remarked that *we* “need not get up because *they* did,” I told them that I might as well get up, because I could sleep no more this night. After we had got up and put on our clothes, the woman went to bed again, and did not get up till daylight, when she got up and got breakfast, after which we proceeded to the next settlement, which was 14 miles distant. We arrived there about 12 o’clock; and halted at one of the houses, and after some conversation, found that the gentleman of the house was acquainted with us when we were little boys. We staid two days with this family, and then started on our journey to the “Deep River,” which we found was very high, though not impassable. We crossed the river, and proceeded across the prairie to the next settlement, a distance of 25 miles. In crossing this prairie we had to ford two small streams. The first one we came to, was about 8 miles from the river. Here a tree which some one had cut down afforded us a dry passage across. About six miles further on, we came to the second stream. This one we were compelled to wade, the water coming up to our shoulders.—The weather being somewhat cool, and just after a rain in the latter part of October, you may well conclude that our

*bath* was anything but comfortable. Having crossed this stream, we proceeded onward without any road; or any one to tell us whether we were right or wrong, until about an hour before Sunset, when we discovered a post about one mile west of us. We bent our course towards it, and when we came to it, we found that there had been wagons around it. We struck our course again and went about one mile, when we came to a path, which we followed until we came to a road. We took the east end of this road and traveled about one mile, when we came to another road that led off from it. I took this road while my brother kept on the same road we were on. We agreed to keep on these roads as long as we could see each other, and the first one that discovered any signs of human life should fire a pistol. We had not proceeded far, however, until I discovered a house; the report of my pistol soon brought my brother to me. Soon after the discovery of this human habitation, we discovered a little village on the Iowa River. We arrived at this village some time after dark, where we found lodgings for the night.

The next morning we prepared for our journey. We were informed that it was about 35 miles to the next settlement. But then we had a road to travel on to this settlement, which, indeed, was quite a luxury, after having to make our own roads through the prairies. We crossed the river here on a ferry boat. This is quite a beautiful stream of water, about 40 yds. wide when we crossed. From this river our course lay towards Cedar river, a distance of about 48 miles. We were informed that there were four families, living about 8 miles on this side of Cedar river, in a grove; but that we need not stop there, for they would neither keep us all night, nor give us anything to eat. However, we started, and traveled hard to get there, determining to test the truth of our information. In the course of a few hours

we arrived at the "Scotch Grove," for this was the name of the grove,—its name being derived from its inhabitants who were scotch people. Being tired, and a little hungry, we thought we would try them and see whether they would give us any thing to eat, or not. Accordingly, I went into one of the houses, and inquired the direct road to the Cedar Rapids. They told me. I then inquired how far it was; they told me 8 miles. I then asked for something to eat, offering to pay them for it, but this they refused me, saying that they "did not feed *any body*." They told us that they would "not give us any thing to eat; and we might as well go away." So I went out and told my brother that we should have to "shake off the dust of our feet as a testimony against them," and proceed onward. It was about sunset when we got to Cedar Rapids. This is somewhat of a flourishing place. It contains 60 or 70 dwelling houses, some of which are very large,—two flour mills and one saw-mill. The river is about 140 yds. wide at this place.

I come now to notice briefly, the incidents of our last day's travel. The distance from Cedar Rapids to where we were going, was about 45 miles; but on starting, we thought that we would not go more than 25 miles to another Settlement, called Centre Point. But when we got there, it was only 3 o'clock, P. M., and then we concluded to go the other 15 miles. Accordingly, we started, not thinking that we had any streams of water to cross. About sunset we came to a little grove of timber; we continued on our course until darkness overtook us. The darkness was so intense that it was with difficulty we kept the road; we continued on for about two hours in the dark, until we came to a small stream of water, called "Three mile Creek." In consequence of the darkness of the night, we could not exactly ascertain the

depth of the stream. Nor did we even see it, until we had stepped into it and found that a stream of water run across our path. We now examined it, and found, that we could wade it. The weather being cold we found this no very pleasant task. We had not proceeded far, before we discovered a light at a distance. We were nearly 3 miles from the light when we first seen it. A singular roaring now attracted our attention. This noise to us, in an open prairie, in the stillness of the night, sounded melancholy indeed. We stopped, and listened; not knowing exactly what to make of it. We, however, came to the conclusion, that it must be a body of water pouring over some precipice. We still kept on our course, having our eyes fixed upon this light, until we came to where it was, which was in a house. On our approach to the house, a few noble specimens of the Canine family saluted us with their "bow wow, wow, for how do you do." We halted, not thinking it safe to form too close an intimacy with such unmerciful sentinels. We called to the man of the house to come out, which he did. We then asked him for a night's lodging; but he told us his wife was sick, and that we had better go down to town. We asked him how far it was to town, he said it was about one mile, but added, that we might find some difficulty in crossing the river. We asked him then to let us remain over night, and we would get our breakfast in the morning in town. To this he consented. His wife was sick with the fever and ague. The next morning we started for town, and when we came to the river, there was nothing to cross over in, but a small canoe, and it rocked so dreadfully that we could not both cross over in it. I told my brother to stay on this side, and I would risk the canoe, and cross over, and then get some one to bring him over. Accordingly, I jumped into the *rocker*, and with much difficulty reached the opposite

shore; the current being so rapid that it nearly took me over the breast of the dam. After I had got over, I got a man to bring my brother across. Having crossed the river, we proceeded into town to the house of Mr. James Cummins, an old acquaintance of ours. But he was not at home, so we started for his brother's about a mile out of town. Here we were known,—here we had the pleasure of seeing those with whom we had associated in our earlier days,—here our mutual joys were increased. Oh! what a pleasure it was for us, after so much toil and fatigue, over pathless prairies, among cold hearted strangers, to meet with a cordial and welcome reception among friends and neighbours. To me, it was a time of joy and refreshment. We were now at our place of destination, or in other words, at our journey's end. Here we concluded to spend the winter, and seek for ourselves a home for the future. After resting ourselves a day or two, we sought employment, and soon obtained it. My brother hired with James Cummins for one month, while I engaged to help a gentleman to raft some logs down the river. While engaged in this employment, I lodged with a gentleman on the opposite side of the river, one night; and during this night it snowed and stormed dreadfully. The next morning I started for town,—distant about 8 miles; when I got to the river, at the town where I had to cross, I found that the ice was running dreadfully. I jumped into a canoe, and was starting across, when I was startled by the cry of a man, beseeching me to come back or I would be drowned. I immediately rowed back to shore. I now did not know what to do, for I wanted to be on the other side of the river. I now thought of a skill that was lying down the river some distance from where I was. I went down to it, and jumped into it, with a full determination to cross the river. Accordingly I started it, and pad-

died away with all my strength; but the huge cakes of ice came floating down with the rapidity of the current, which was so swift, that in spite of my utmost strength I was swept down the stream. I now began to regret my dangerous attempt and sorely repented of my folly. My life was in danger. The river was high—the weather cold, and I in a frail skiff surrounded by floating masses of ice. I saw my danger, and summoned all my strength for one mighty effort to reach the opposite shore; and this time I got over where the ice was frozen tight, but not solid enough to bare my weight. I was now about 20 feet from shore, but in no less perilous condition. In this manner I floated down the river for about a half mile. I now observed a willow tree bending across the stream, its tops touching the water. A ray of hope now shot across my mind. I now determined to let myself float down under the tree, and when I come there, to take hold of the limbs and lift myself out of the skiff; and then climb down the body of the tree to the shore. This I accomplished very successfully, to my no small delight. The skiff went on down five or six miles to a bend in the river, where it lodged, and was found after the river had frozen over. Thus did I escape, under the protecting care of God, a watery grave.

I now engaged employment from a gentleman named Davis. It was while living with Mr. Davis that I met with my misfortune, an account of which I will presently give. In order to show my readers how difficult traveling is in Iowa, especially in the winter, where there are no bridges, or roads, I will relate another instance of escape.

One day, Mr. Davis told me to take a load of Pork up north about 35 miles. I harnessed two young horses to the wagon, in which there was 2400 cwt. of Pork. I started about 11 o'clock of said day. I succeeded very well until I

came to a small stream of water. The stream was frozen over. I found that some person had endeavoured to cross the ice, but had failed. The water I found to be about 4 feet deep. Here, I scarcely knew what to do—I was out on the prairie, with two young and foolish horses, and a heavy load on my wagon—the stream of water lay before me, frozen over but not solid enough to bare either the weight of my horses or wagon. I was doubtful whether I could safely cross. But I thought I would risk it anyhow; accordingly, I drove in on the ice, and down went both wagon and horses to the bottom of the creek. The horses became frightened, and endeavoured to break loose, but I succeeded in quieting them. I knew now that my only alternative was, to unload the wagon, which I did. I then cut away the ice from before the wheels, jumped into the wagon, give my horses the whip, and after several attempts they succeeded in drawing the wagon out, after which they tried to run off; but I soon got them stopped. I now had to re-load, and then started off for Volga a distance of about 16 miles, which I reached the next day. I unloaded and returned home, and crossed the stream 3 miles higher up than where I crossed before, without any difficulty: and got safely home again. Such, dear reader, are some of the difficulties and dangers that follow the life of the Western pioneer. We who live amidst every luxury that the heart can desire, know but little about the dangers and inconveniences of our western brethren. Yet they are not without their seasons of joy and pleasure. To one who was born and bred in a populous town or neighborhood, a life in the wild woods or open prairie, would be one of solitude and gloom. But to the rude and sturdy woodsman it is a life rather coveted than shunned. They fully realize the sentiment of the poet, who says,



"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society where none intrudes  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

## CHAPTER IV.

Starts for the Grove—Misses the Road—Encounter with a Bear—Returns from the Grove—Looses the Road—Thrown from his Horse—Horrible Situation on the Prairie—Found by the Company—Amputation of his Leg—Ungentlemanly Conduct of Dr. Carpenter.

I shall now commence the history of my misfortune: and although some part of it may appear almost incredible, yet, as I have a God to meet, I would not state anything that is false.

One day Mr. Davis came to me, and told me to get out his horse, and saddle him. I did so: and then started down to his mill to work. I had not been at work very long, when Mr. Davis came down to the mill, leading his horse. He called me out, and told me that he wanted me to go to Mr. Spencer's, about 12 miles distant, and pay him some money, and try to purchase some wheat and pork from him. He gave me 14 dollars, and told me the road as nearly as he could. I then started, crossed the river, and soon lost sight of the settlement. I followed his directions for about six or seven miles, where the roads forked. I then could see the grove to which I was going. I took the road here, which I thought led the straightest way to the grove. But when I had went about 3 miles upon it, I found that it did not lead into the grove at all; however, I still continued on, thinking that I would find another fork which would lead immediately into the grove. I had gone but a small distance, when I discovered, about a mile ahead of me, as I could judge, not a road, nor a fork of a road, but something

to me more interesting. It was an animal of some kind; but what, I could not tell at so great a distance. However, I determined to form a more intimate acquaintance with this new prairie stranger; accordingly I made way to it with increased speed until I came within 40 or 50 rods of it. Thinking it best to halt, and give him a salute by way of a back woods introduction. I hallowed at the top of my voice at him. He raised up his head, when he heard me, (for he had not yet discovered me) and looked at me as much as to say, "how de do sir," and then with an incivility, peculiar to his race, he put down his head to finish his luncheon, as I supposed he was eating something. As yet, I was not positively certain to what race he belonged. I again hallowed several times, thinking he would give me a fair opportunity of witnessing his feats of agility. I now give my horse the whip, and at him I went, in a full gallop. He now "cut gravel" as fast as he could, but I soon overtook him, and had I not checked the speed of my horse, he would have certainly jumped upon him. I now saw that my retreating stranger was nothing less than a ferocious bear. When my horse came to it, it stopped and began to growl, showing the full length of his ivory, as much as to say "you are welcome to the power of these." My horse seemed more anxious for a contest with bruin than I did: for it was with much difficulty that I could keep him off bruin's back. I was afraid he might only cripple the animal, and thus exasperate him to "deeds of murderous daring." I had often heard that bruin was "hard to beat in a close grip," and therefore was not very anxious to give him a rough and tumble battle." So I permitted him to get some few rods ahead of me again, and then giving my horse the reins, he was after him again like a shot. In this manner we kept up the chase for about 3 miles, until bruin left the road and run into the prairie

off of my direction. I let him go, thinking it my best plan to trouble him no farther.

The horse I was riding, was an Indian poney. The Indians had raised him and trained him to hunt. This accounts for his eagerness to bounce upon the bear.

I now continued on my course until I came to where some person had been cutting wood. Here I found a road that led me to Mr. Spencer's house. I found him at home, paid him the money and related to him my adventure with the bear. He agreed to accompany me back to where I had left the bear. He got his musket, loaded it with buckshot, got his horse, and we started back together to where I last seen the bear. We tracked him for a little piece, until we came where the snow was drifted off of the ground; here we lost the track. Here Mr. Spencer gave me directions concerning my nearest way home, and then left me. I now rode on by myself until I came to the road. Here I was somewhat bewildered, not knowing which end of the road to take. I took what I thought was the right end, but after I had gone on it for a little distance I concluded I was wrong, and turned my horse round and went back again. I had not gone very far before I discovered some timber. The day was hazy, and it was mizzling rain. The points of timber that I passed, did not look like the ones I had passed on my way to Mr. Spencer's. But I traveled on about three miles. I now thought I had better go down to the timber, where I was confident the river run; and as I had been up and down this river, I thought I could ascertain where I was. Accordingly I started for the river, leaving the road about one mile, till I came to a strip of ice, which was 2 or 3 rods broad. In crossing over this strip of ice, my horse slipped and fell upon his side. This was done so quickly that I had no time to save myself in the fall. When the horse was falling I raised

up my feet to keep him from falling upon them. When he had fallen, he made an attempt to turn on his side. Seeing this I made a grab at his mane; but he turned so quick that my hands missed it and struck on the ice. I now kicked to get loose from the saddle, and my left foot came out of the stirrup, but my right one stuck fast. The horse now gave one spring and was upon his feet. In rising so quickly, he jerked me up against his side. This frightened him, and he jumped and kicked, still jerking me against his side, which frightened him still more. He now started off at full speed, still kicking at every jump. I suddenly turned upon my back so that my face should not strike against the ground, and raised up my left foot to push the stirrup off of my right one; but when I raised it up nearly to my other foot, my leg fell down across my right boot. I knew then that my leg was broken, and as I was endeavoring to get it back again, out of his way so that he could not kick it, he gave it another kick. Meanwhile the horse kept running as fast as he could, kicking at almost every jump; and it seems to me that every kick he made was at my broken leg. I tried several times to raise myself up and unloose the stirrup from my foot, but the horse was going so fast that I could not get my hands to it. I now thought of my knife. I ran my left hand into my pocket but did not feel my knife there. My pocket book was in this pocket, and I suppose when I drew out my hand the pocket book came out with it. All my momey was in it. I did not know at that time that it came out, for I did not think of it then. But I am pretty sure I lost it then.

I then tried to get my right hand into my right pocket, but could not in consequence of my elbow striking the ground every time I attempted it. I then felt on the out side to ascertain if I had it yet, but could not feel it. I now clasped both of my hands around my thigh, and thus raised

and kept my head above the ground. In this position I hung while the horse was jumping; and kicking my broken leg nearly every jump. I also kept swinging back and forward as far as the stirrup strap would let me go. In this position I hung till the horse began to grow tired, and stop running. At last he slackened down to a slow trot. This afforded me an opportunity to work my foot out of the stirrup, as my weight on the stirrup was more regular. While I was endeavoring to disengage my foot from the stirrup, my boot came off; and thus I was extricated from one of the most perilous and awful conditions in which a man can be placed on this side the grave. The horse dragged me three miles in this condition. I was scarcely loose from him until he commenced jumping and kicking with all his might. He kicked at the boot several times, as it hung in the stirrup. He ran about 100 yards when my boot fell out of the stirrup. He then trotted off a small distance, and then turned around and looked at me. I called to him to come back, but he would not. He went to the road which I left, took the wrong end of it and went from home. He continued his journey for about 16 miles till he came to a small stream of water called Bear Creek. Here he turned back and came within about 6 miles of me. He was found here the third evening after he left me—it being on Tuesday, December 17th, that I was thrown off of him.

Now, my dear reader, imagine my hopeless condition! I was in a strange land, far from my friends and home: but worst of all, I was left on a dreary, desolate prairie, with my leg broken, under the care of no human being. The chilling blasts of winter were upon me—I was exposed to them all—no fire to warm me—no food to nourish me—no shelter to screen me from the sleet and snow—I knew not whether I should be found dead or alive, or even found at all. Oh!

what bitter thoughts came crowding into my mind--the recollection of by-gone days--my gay companions in my own native land, with whom I had spent many a joyous hour--and above all my own dear mother, whose tears I had witnessed before I left her, and who, no doubt, was at this very hour, sending up her prayers to Heaven in my behalf. Oh! what would be her feelings when the news of my horrible death would reach her ears. These and a thousand other reflections were continually before me.

It will be recollected that I was to have gone back to Mr. Davis' the same day that I fell from my horse, and when I came not, he supposed I missed the road and had gone into some other settlement, expecting my return next day. So he did not say much about it that evening. The next day came, and I had not yet got back. As soon as my brother heard that I had not yet returned, he became very uneasy about me. He went to Mr. Davis and told him that I must be seen after. Mr. Davis told him not to be uneasy--that I had only missed my way, and would soon be home. He thought that I would be home that night yet. So they tarried that night yet, but still I did not come. Mr. Davis now concluded to go to the grove and see if I had been there. After getting his horse's shoes made rough, which took up considerable time, he started for the grove, and on arriving nearly there, he found the horse just at the edge of the grove. The saddle was turned under his belly, both of the stirrups being torn off of it. The bridle was yet on him. When he found my horse, he became much alarmed about me. He took the horse and went on into the grove where I had been sent. He asked Mr. Spencer if he had seen anything of me. Mr. Spencer told him that I had been there on the last Tuesday, but he had not seen me since. Mr. Davis then told him that I had not been at home since I left on Tuesday, and

this was Thursday; adding that he had found the horse, as already described. Then Mr. Spencer became very uneasy, fearing that they might suspect him of killing me. Mr. Davis then returned home and told my brother the circumstance. He with several others, alarmed the neighborhood that night; and about 50 in company started to hunt for me the next (Friday) morning. They searched for me all that day but to no purpose. Still they did not give me up. But started the next morning in search of me again. They searched every snow drift and every place they came to, carefully. There was a team passing along the road that day. I seen it, and hallowed with all my might to make the teamster hear me. There were also 3 men about 2 miles behind the wagon, which was about 2 miles distant from me. They heard me hallowing, and they answered me several times: but did not come to me, probably through fear. They met the company in search of me about six miles from where I was, and told them that they had heard some person hallowing about six miles back. This gave the company a clue to where I was, and they were soon around me.

When the company found me, they appeared to me to be frightened. And, indeed, they did not look natural to me. They were all bundled up from the cold. Their whiskers and clothes were white with frost, for it was one of the coldest days that had been felt for a long time. They gave me a bit of biscuit to eat, but I could not eat it. There was no moisture in my mouth. Then they gave me a few drops of some liquid to drink, which seemed to quench my thirst somewhat.

I was now put into a sled and conveyed to the nearest town which was about six miles distant. In this town there was quite a number of women gathered around me, when



they took me into the house, to see how hard I was frozen. One of them stepped up and asked me how hard my feet were frozen. I threw one of my feet off of the sociable on which I was lying, and it cracked like a frozen potatoe, as it struck the floor. This seemed to frighten them considerable.

The heat of the fire made me very sick, and I requested them to move me away from it. I was then removed to a chamber where there was no fire. They now put my right foot, in a tub of cold water, and kept it in there about 12 or 14 hours. My left leg being broken, and very much bruised, they thought that it would not help it any to put it in the water: for they supposed it would have to be cut off. Besides, if it thawed they supposed it would give me more pain than in its frozen state. They therefore concluded it would be best to let them both thaw gradually without any aid. My hands and face were not frozen; but badly frost-bitten, so as to leave several little scars upon them. It was 3 or 4 months before my fingers were free from the effects of the frost. They now dispatched a man to Marion, a distance of about 30 miles for a Surgeon. But returned on Sabbath morning without a doctor. They then sent to Cedar Rapids for Dr. Ely, the distance being about 35 miles. While the man was gone for this physician, a young doctor from Marion made his appearance, but he did not know what to do. He gave me some quinine, and said that was all he could do for me at present. He, however, waited till Dr. Ely came from Cedar Rapids, which was on Monday morning. Dr. Ely came to me and told me that he had brought another doctor with him, named Carpenter.

They now examined my legs, then my pulse, and then told me that I could not in my present reduced condition,

survive the amputation of my leg. They advised me to wait a little while, until I had recruited strength. Dr. Ely told me he would leave some tonics with me and then go home and in a few days he would send up his assistant, Dr. Carpenter, to see if it would do to amputate. Dr. Ely started home the same day he came. On the following Friday Dr. Ely sent Dr. Carpenter to see me, and on his way he came through Marion and got this young Dr. Bardwell to come with him. When they came, they examined my leg that was broken, and also the other one, and told me they were doing very well, when at the same time the inflammation in my broken leg had gone clear up into my body.

Instead of going back to tell Dr. Ely of my condition, they both remained till next morning. The next day Dr. Carpenter came to me and told me that Dr. Ely would not come, nor would lend him his instruments. He also said that Dr. Ely said "I would die, and it was not worth while to *bother* with me." He also told me that he and Dr. Bardwell would undertake the job, and do the best for me they could. I now did not know what to do. We talked of sending again for Dr. Ely; but Dr. Carpenter still asserted with *full assurance*, that he would not come—that Dr. Ely had positively told him he would not come, and that it was useless to send. He also said that the leg must come off, for if it was left on any longer it would kill me. Relying upon what he said as truth, I consented to let him make the trial. What better could I do? Laying between life and death, mutilated and in pain, and on the mercy of strangers, I did submit to their wishes as a duty incumbent upon me.

Accordingly, a table was prepared on which I was placed. The doctor then procured a CARVING KNIFE and HAND-SAW, and then, after having ground the knife, came into the room where I was, and asked me if I would take

Chloroform or Ether. I asked him several questions concerning its nature and tendency, which he answered satisfactorily. I then told him I would take it. They now carried me out, and laid me on the table, and after I had rested a few moments, they administered to me some watered brandy, and then the Chloroform. This last article was given to me with a high degree of liberality. I soon became destitute of all nervous sensation, and in fact nearly of my life. They now commenced the operation of amputation, which was as follows: Commencing with the *Carving Knife*, they cut square around my leg, like a butcher cutting off a piece of steak. They then took the *Hand-Saw*, (using their fingers for a contractor, and a cotton handkerchief for a tourniquet,) and commenced sawing off the bone in a *slaunting* manner. After having amputated my leg, he commenced taking up the arteries, but in this operation he was very unsuccessful. Some of them he tied, others he pulled out 4 or 5 inches, and some of them he could not find at all. He then tied up the stump, but it kept bleeding profusely all the time. Again he unloosed the bandage, and tried to find the arteries that kept pouring out the blood. Again he was as unsuccessful as the first time. He again tied it up, (this being in the evening,) but it kept bleeding all night. The next morning they put another bandage on as tight as two of them could draw it, and then started home, leaving me in this condition to bleed to death. When they started home they said that I must certainly die—that I could not loose another ounce of blood—that I was almost bled to death.

When Dr. Ely heard that my leg was taken off and that I was in such a perilous condition, he became considerably alarmed about me. He made inquiry about me, and was informed that I was still living. He then got his horse and buggy and started to see me. But as he was driving through

town, Dr. Carpenter seen him, and asked him where he was going. He told him he was going to see me. Dr. Carpenter ordered him not to go; but Dr. Ely said he would go, and drove on. Now Dr. Carpenter immediately saddled his horse, and took a near cut across the prairie, and got to me about one hour and a half before Dr. Ely. Dr. Carpenter enquired if Dr. Ely had been here. My brother told him he had not. Then, said the Dr. "he is coming, for the purpose of injuring my reputation; and," continued he, "I am not going to let him in to see you, at the risk of my life; and if you consent to let him in, I will leave you and not come back to see you anymore." He further said "that Dr. Ely would not wait on me—for he owned so much property, that it required nearly all of his time to oversee it, and that he never did wait on any person very much." Being a stranger to both of these physicians, I did not know what to do—what Dr. Carpenter said might be true for aught I knew. Then, again, I thought that if the amputation of my leg was not performed as it should be, that I should like to know it, and at all events, the mere looking at it by Dr. Ely, could not make it better or worse. After some thoughts of this nature, I concluded to let him in at all events. I, however, said nothing to Dr. Carpenter about my intention, and as soon as he went out, I told my brother that we would have Dr. Ely to come in and see me, for I believed that Dr. Carpenter knew there was something wrong about the work he had done, and for this reason would not let Dr. Ely come in and see it.

It was not long till Dr. Carpenter came into my room again, and spoke in a manner that evinced a very ungenerous and malignant spirit, saying "that Dr. Ely should not enter that door—if he did, he would do it at the risk of his life, for," added he, "I will take his heart's blood." He said,

also, "that he had told the landlady to invite him into another room when he came, and then inform *him* of his arrival."

The landlady done as she was bidden, and when Dr. Ely had come, she came into the room and informed Dr. Carpenter of his arrival. Dr. Carpenter then went out to converse with him. The subject of their conversation will be given in the next chapter. I now told my brother that there would likely be a "fuss," and for him not to interfere one way or the other: but just let them make out the matter of difficulty as they pleased—that if Dr. Carpenter refused to let in Dr. Ely now, we would get him in to-night after Dr. Carpenter had gone to bed, and then he would know nothing about it.

## CHAPTER V.

Conversation between Dr. Carpenter and Dr. Ely—Horrible manner in which Dr. Carpenter attempted to remedy his Quackery—Amputation of my remaining Leg—Arrival of my Father—Journey for Home.

I had ardently expected that Dr. Ely would get to see me. I thought he might do me some good, but this desire was not gratified. After Dr. Carpenter went out to talk to Dr. Ely, and had conversed with him some time, he returned into my room, and, in an air of afflicted ostentation, said the "*ornary devil* had gone," and he "was glad of it." He now appeared very well satisfied, thinking he had so easily frightened Dr. Ely and driven him from the house. About 10 o'clock that night Dr. Carpenter went to bed. Then my brother went quietly down to the river to go over to see Dr. Ely, he having crossed over the river to stay all night. But on reaching the shore, he found that every canoe and skiff was over on the other side. He then came back and told me that he could not cross the river for want of a canoe, but said he would get a horse and swim across. But I persuaded him not to do so, for fear he might not succeed; and would run a great risk of his life, as the river was high and the current very rapid. He then waited till morning, expecting to hail him before he left, but when he came to the river in the morning, he found that he had gone. The same day that Dr. Ely started home, a gentleman named Ginter, came over to see me. Mr. Ginter said he had lodged where Dr. Ely was, and that he had given him a synopsis of the conversa-

tion that passed between him and Dr. Carpenter while in the house where I was laying, which was as follows: That Dr. Carpenter wanted Dr. Ely to swear that he would be true to his reputation; and that the leg was correctly taken off, without seeing it—that unless he would do so, he could not get to see me. Dr. Ely told him that he could not consistently do that; but if he could let him in, he would promise to say nothing about the leg one way or the other. But Dr. Carpenter would not consent to this; but told Dr. Ely that he could not enter my room unless he would take a *solemn oath* that he would always be true to him and his reputation. Dr. Ely replied the second time, that he could not do such an act consistently; nor he would not do it. Then Dr. Carpenter told him he should not enter my room, and if he made the attempt, he would take his heart's blood. Dr. Ely then said if I was going to die, he desired to talk to me, and pray with me before I died, and that he would not ask to see my leg at all. But Dr. Carpenter said that, live or die, he should not enter my room only under the conditions already mentioned. Dr. Ely seeing no chance of entering my room without trouble, left the house and returned home, and thus ended their conversation.

I would here remark, that Dr. Ely and Dr. Carpenter are brothers-in-law. Dr. Carpenter was married to Dr. Ely's sister. And it was Dr. Ely that had brought Dr. Carpenter to me, recommending him to me as his assistant. But strange to tell, the assistant turned "Boss!" and then turned his "Boss" out of the house, and made young Bardwell his assistant. Poor Ely! he was "*non-plussed*."

The next morning after Dr. Ely left for home, Dr. Carpenter came in and dressed my leg, and then went home. Dr. Carpenter's assistant, Bardwell, had dressed my leg the

day before, for the first time; and when he opened the bandage he found the bone an inch and a half below the flesh. He appeared at a loss to know what to do; however, he washed it, and put on a clean bandage, and then returned home. As already remarked, the day after Bardwell had dressed my leg, Dr. Carpenter came in and dressed it before he went home. After he had opened the bandage, and seen the bone projecting so far below the flesh, he came to the conclusion to remedy his blunder by pulling the flesh down over the bone. But this he could not do himself, so he got my brother to help him, and he not knowing but it should be done so, consented. They now commenced pulling with all their strength, thinking my flesh was made of India rubber, and hoping to succeed in covering the bone entirely. The pain the pulling process gave me, was the most severe I ever felt. The operation of cutting off my leg was not as painful. Having satisfied himself that my flesh was of a very tough texture, he applied his adhesive straps, and then bound up my leg.

The second day after the first *pulling match*, Dr. Carpenter and his assistant (Bardwell) again made their appearance to give my poor stump of a leg, another pulling. They now gave it, if anything, a more severe pulling than before, but still the flesh refused to obey either their power or will.

They came back a *third* time and told me I must submit to another pulling operation. I told them I would stand the pain it gave me as long as I could, without hollowing, but if I was constrained to hollow, I wanted them to desist pulling. So they commenced pulling again, and it did appear to me as though the devil was in them both, for they pulled first one way and then another, and all I could say did not have any effect upon their determination, till they had satisfied



themselves that all their pulling would do no good. When they had ceased pulling, I told them that *that* was the last time they should ever pull that leg while I could help it. They then wanted to saw off the projecting bone, but I told them that they had cut it off once, and that was all the cutting I intended they should do, and this ended our conversation at that time.

The next day a gentleman called to see me, and told me he knew of another physician named Aiker, about 15 miles off, and that if I wanted him he would go after him. At this time my other foot had nearly rotted off at the ankle joint, and I knew it must come off, so I told him to go for him.

The next day Dr. Aiker came to see me. When he arrived Dr. Bardwell was in the room. On coming into my room he told me that he understood that I sent for him. I told him I did not know, for he was a stranger to me—that I had sent for a man by the name of Aiker—he said that was his name. He then asked me if there were any of the other physicians present. I told him there was. Dr. Bardwell now stepped up and commenced telling him about me. Dr. Aiker listened to him very patiently, and when he had got through speaking, he opened the bandage and showed Dr. Aiker the stump, and then bound it up again. Dr. Aiker said nothing all this time. Bardwell having run out of loquacity, left the room. Dr. Aiker then felt my pulse, examined my mouth, and then asked me several questions about my other foot. I told him it was almost rotted off at the ankle joint. He then took off the clothes in which it was wrapped, and examined it, and said I was doing very well, considering the manner in which I was treated. He told me that I had yet a very slim chance for my life. He allowed that in my "present reduced condition I would only stand one chance out of one hundred to get well." He said that

as I had "lost so much blood already, that if I lost much more, it would certainly kill me." He said also "that I had stood more than any common man could stand."

I asked him if he had ever amputated any person's limbs; he said he had. I asked him if it would do to cut it off up under the flesh a piece. He said "it might sluff off, and have to be cut off again." I, however, maintained that it was the best method of performing the act of amputation. Dr. Bardwell now came in, and they agreed upon a day to come back and take off my other leg. This being on Friday, they set the next Tuesday as the day in which they would perform the operation. I now told Dr. Aikers that if this leg had to come off, I wanted him to cut it off for me. Young Bardwell, went home and told Dr. Carpenter that I had sent off for another doctor, and that he was to be at my room on Tuesday to cut off my other leg.

The day set for the operation came, and so did Dr. Carpenter, Dr. Bardwell (in company with Dr. Ristine, in order to get *his* instruments.) Dr. Aiker also made his appearance, and came in to my room in company with Dr. Carpenter, who undressed my leg and washed it. I told him he should not pull at it any more, and he said he was not going to. He now asked Dr. Aiker "if it was not doing very well." Aiker said nothing, Carpenter then repeated the question, and Dr. Aiker answered by saying "it was doing very well considering;"—but did not define or explain the consideration alluded to. Dr. Carpenter now tied up the stump, and unloosed the bandage around my other leg, and found that the flesh had sluffed off about three inches above the ankle joint. Having examined my foot and leg, they all went out of the room except Dr. Aiker. He again asked me if I wanted him to take off my leg. I told him I did, and I did not want any one else here to do it but him.

He then said he would do it. I then said to him, Dr. suppose they (Dr. Carpenter and Dr. Bardwell) make preparations for taking off my leg, without consulting you or me, what will you say? "Why" said he, "I will let them go on till they carry you out on the table, and then I will step up and say, gentlemen, I want you to understand that I am *boss* of this Job, and that he believed he would take off that leg himself." Dr. Aiker now went out, and sure enough, found them busily engaged in making the preparations. After the preparations were made, they began to consult about the best manner of performing the operation. Dr. Aiker now spoke out, and said, "that *that* matter was settled, and that I had chosen him to perform the Job." But Dr. Carpenter affirmed that, as he had taken off the *other* leg, he reckoned he would have to take off *this* one. "Yes," said his two assistants, "you have commenced, and you should finish." Dr. Aiker again spoke, and said he had promised me to do the Job for him, and he was *going* to do it." Hearing this, Dr. Carpenter sent Dr. Bardwell to me to know if I had any choice among the physicans present. I told him Dr. Aiker was my choice, and I wanted him, and *no other one* to take off my leg. Dr. Bardwell replied by saying "that as Dr. Carpenter had taken off the other one, he would expect to take off this one; and that he had come with the calculation to do so; and had brought his instruments along with him to do it with." He further stated that if "I did not let him take off this leg, the people would think I had lost confidence in him, and this would injure his reputation." I told him, I could not help that, and then he left me and went out, and told Dr. Carpenter what I had said. Then in came Dr. Carpenter, in none of the best of humors, and said, "I understand you have picked on Dr. Aiker to take off you leg." I told him I had. "Well, now Sam," said he, in rather an agry

tone of voice, "I have come up here with my instruments and assistants, Ristine and Bardwell, with the calculation to take off your leg, and if you don't let me take it off, the neighbors will think that you have lost all confidence in me." I told him I could not help that, for I had told Dr. Aiker that I wanted him to take off my leg, and that he had come with this understanding. He then said "that he had taken off the other one, and he wanted to see *WHAT IMPROVEMENTS he could make on this one.*" This last expression was rather insulting, but I said nothing about it; however, it fortified me in my determination to not let him try any more experiments on me, especially in such an important operation, as that of cutting off legs.

Finding it impossible to make any impression on my mind to suit him, he left the room and went to Dr. Aiker and took him aside and tried to *hire* or *bribe* him to consent to his performing the operation. Says he to Dr. Aiker, "we can get him under the influence of Chloroform, and then he will not know any thing about it until it is off." But Dr. Aiker said, "I will do no such a thing; when I promise a man to do any thing for him, I will not take his senses away and then let another man perform the work." "No," said he "I will die first." Dr. Carpenter then offered him *twenty-five dollars* to let him take it off. But Dr. Aiker told him "that he would not sell his honor for *all he was worth*, and that he could not, nor should not take off the leg without my consent." He did not say much more to Dr. Aiker for he found it was no use—he found that he could not frighten Dr. Aiker, as he did Dr. Ely.

After a few moments I was informed that they were ready for the operation, and that they would carry me out upon the table to take off the last leg I had.

None but those who have underwent the same operation,

can imagine my feelings. A few weeks ago I was in health, with the free use of all my limbs—now I was about to be carried out upon a table, to have my remaining leg sawn asunder from my body. Oh! what bitter reflection. Should I survive the operation and get well, I would be a poor unfortunate cripple all my life;—But life is sweet—I still desired to live, though a helpless cripple; yet I did not think they would carry me back to my bed alive. I fancied I would expire under the operation. When they had carried me out and laid me on the table, they permitted me to rest a little. They then gave me watered brandy and Chloroform as before. But this time they did not take all my feeling from me. When they commenced cutting through the flesh, I felt considerable pain, and told them to give me more Chloroform. But they declined, knowing that I had taken too much in the other operation. I did not suffer until they commenced taking up the arteries. This was very painful, as the influence of the Chloroform had died away before they got through; and they feared to administer any more to me. After they had taken off my leg, and bound up the stump, and carried me back to my room, I suffered very much pain, which continued for about 15 days.

The next morning after the operation, they all came in to examine my leg before they started home. Dr. Carpenter and Dr. Bardwell came to me and told me they would not come to see me any more. Dr. Aiker spoke out and said it "made no difference, for he allowed to wait on me himself." Dr. Aiker then went home and took sick, and was not out of his house for four weeks, and did not get back to see me for nine weeks, I having left my room about one week, before he came and went to another house, where he found me

when he came. He seemed very well pleased when he examined my leg, and found that it was doing very well.

I now enquired of him, if he knew how much the other doctors were going to charge me. He said that their bill was 200 dollars—one hundred apiece, “but” says he, “if I was you I would not pay them, for it is unjust.” *Two hundred dollars*, thought I, quite a *charitable bill* indeed; and that, too, for butchering my leg, and giving me more than *one thousand dollars worth of pain and suffering in his butchering and flesh-pulling operation*—shall I pay such a bill as that? No, never.

I then asked Dr. Aiker what his bill was. He said he was not particular—thirty—twenty-five or even less would pay it. I told him I could not pay him until my father came. I also told him when I was expecting him, and when he came we would go that way home, and I would then pay him.

I remained at this house for nearly two weeks, until George I. Cummins came with his wagon, and took me to his house, where I staid for about one week. While I was here, there was a gentleman came into the house, I looked at him for some time, thinking I had seen him, but could not name him. I then asked him where he was from? He said he was from Ohio. I asked him what county? He said Harrison—that his name was Flays, and that he lived in Deersville, Harrison County, Ohio. I told him I thought his face was familiar.

We soon got into conversation and talked over things about home. I felt much delighted and cheered in his company. I told him I was expecting my father every day. He offered to bring me home if I would go with him. I told him I would cheerfully go with him were it not that I was expecting the arrival of my father every day. So he bade me farewell and left me. In a few days after this John Merrit

came with his wagon and horses and took me to his house. Several of the neighbors came to see me, and wanted me to come to their houses, but Mr. Merrill said he intended to keep me until my father came, and if he did not come at the appointed time, he would get me conveyed to the river and furnish me with money enough to take me home.

In about a week after I came to Merrill's, Dr. Carpenter, in company with Mr. Davis, came to where I was, to settle with me as I supposed. After he had examined my stumps, he asked me if I had told any person that the bone of the leg he had taken off, extended four inches beyond the flesh. I told him I did not. He then said "there was such a report in circulation through the neighborhood—that it had got down as far as Cedar Rapids." I told him I could not help that—that the stump would settle that matter itself. For says I, the bone is sticking out yet, and the leg has been cut off for more than 3 months. Besides, there have been two pieces of bone come off of it, and the people tell me that it will have to be cut off again.

"Oh well," said he, "that is nothing, it may do that, but it will get well without being cut off again." I then told him that the bone of the stump did *not project* out in this manner. "Oh," says he, "*that's nothing*, for the *thigh* is so much larger than the leg below the knee."

He now told me he had written a few lines concerning the false reports that were in circulation about him; requesting me to sign it. He handed me the paper and I looked at it and handed it back to him, telling him to read it for me, which he did. I told him I could not sign any such writings. (At the same time John Merrill was trying to get me to look at him, to make me understand that he did not want me to sign it, but I did not take notice of him.) "Why," said he,

"it will not do you any harm, and it will be of great value to me. It will be the means of preserving my reputation." But I thought just as much of my veracity as he did of his reputation; and if I would sign such an instrument of writing, I would be made out a liar by every one in the neighborhood, who would examine the stump. Besides, I thought that if his reputation went down, it would be a blessing to the neighborhood. He then said, "I suppose you will deny my bill against you." I asked him what his bill was. He said ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, and that Bardwell's bill was the same." I did not tell him whether I would pay him or not. He then told me that he heard that I said, I was going to prosecute him for *mal-practice*. I told him I had not yet said I would. He then said "if I was going to do so, he wanted to know it." I told him if I did, he would know it soon enough. They then started back to town, but had not gone more than a quarter of a mile, before they met my father and brother coming up to see me. My father had just arrived. They then turned and came back with them. My father came into the room where I was and spoke to me—but, Oh! what were his feelings when he saw me in reality a poor helpless cripple—how different my appearance, than when I bid him farewell on the banks of the Ohio River. His feelings overcame him so, that it was some time before he could talk with me. Dr. Carpenter now came in to where we were, and said to my father, "you find a great alteration on your son since you seen him last." "Yes," replied my father, "he is butchered up completely." Dr. Carpenter then commenced to tell him a long story; but Mr. Merrill told him to go home and let him talk to me awhile; then he would be better prepared to talk to him. He then started, and after he had left the room, I told my father about the paper which he wanted me to sign. He then went out and



asked the Dr. for it, and brought it in to me. A copy of this paper I shall now present to my readers, and they may rely upon it as a *fac simile* of the original. It will serve to show that his literary attainments are in accordance with his surgical practice, for I hold this paper as an index of one, and my leg as an exponent of the other. Here it is:

"Quasqueton Buchanan Co Apile  
the 10th 1851.

Dear Sir Dr. Carpenter. I learn from you that various rumors *dreogatory* to your prosessional reputation have been Circulated in Ceder rapids Purporting to have *origented* from me in regard to *thee* amputation of my *thigh* performed by you. I hereby distinctly state I am *entirely sadisfied* with that operation and its result and that at no time, and to no person have I expressed *desaprobation*. *Thereof all rumors tharefore* of a contrary nature have not *origenated* from me or by my consent, and are intirely groundless, yours &c

Signed in the Presence of."

Now this is an exponent of Dr. Carpenter's literary attainments, and a true index to his professional abilities. Should not the community which he so profoundly disgraces by his presumption and intolerable ignorance, know of his quackery? Should he not share the frowns and disapprobation of medical gentleman who have qualified themselves to enter into the important and responsible duties of a Surgeon? We answer in the affirmative. Had I signed the above instrument of writing, I should have deeply criminated myself: for I knew, notwithstanding my ignorance of surgical operations, that my leg was not correctly amputated. And *he knew it too*, and, therefore, sought to obtain this means of saving himself from the dangers of a prosecution

for malpractice. Besides, he knew it would throw me liable for his *outrageous bill*, which I believed myself in no way duty bound to pay. I thought then, as I think now, that double this bill would not indemnify me for the unnecessary pain I endured under his outrageous and unskillful treatment, say nothing of the damages I have sustained by the operation. Had the operation been performed as it should have been done, ungenerous as the bill is, I would have done all in my power to satisfy him for his labor. I have shown my legs to a great many respectable surgeons, and they all concur with me, that I should have prosecuted him for malpractice. In passing through Du Buque, in Du Buque County, on our journey home, I showed my legs to two of the best physicians in the city—the name of one was Scott, the other's name I have forgotten. They told us that the leg which Dr. C. had amputated, was the "worst butchered up job they had ever seen." From this place we intended to take a boat the next morning for home. But the next morning Dr. Carpenter and young Bardwell, as I was informed, had arrived in the city in pursuit of me. About 10 o'clock they came to me, and asked me what I "meant by going off without paying their bills." I told them that I did not think I owed them any thing—that if I would get justice done to me, they would *fall into my debt considerable*. They said they "would prosecute me if I did not pay them." I told them I was not afraid of that; and I wanted them to go away and let me alone, adding that they had butcherd me in *one* way, and now they wanted to *skin me*. I told them it was to their best interest to go away and not molest me, as I had determined to pay them nothing. They then went away and got a summons, and summoned me to appear at court on the 12th of May to answer a debt of SIX HUNDRED dollars. My father now consulted a lawyer, who having examined the

clerk's books found they had not entered it there. Then this lawyer went and seen these two doctors, and asked them what they would swear concerning that case. He then came back and told us that his advice "would be for us to go on home, for," said he, "they will not bring the case to a trial at all, and it is useless for you to stay. So your best plan would be to go on home and let them do their best, for these Surgeons who have examined your son's leg, say that he could recover a heavy damage off of them if they were worth it." He told my father it was his "business to get people into law, but in this case he would honestly advise us to go on home and pay no attention to them." So in the evening we got aboard a boat and started for home. But, oh! how different my condition now, from that in which I left home. When I entered the wild prairies of Iowa, I was healthy, strong and sound. With a light and joyful heart I gazed upon its wild expanse of undulating pastures, but now, alas! I am returning home with fallen hopes, blighted prospects, and saddened heart, a poor helpless invalid. Dismal thought! part of my body I had left to moulder in the prairies of Iowa, while the other part was returning to my native soil, but still I was thankful that my life was spared, and that I had the privilege of presenting my body once more to my anxious friends, though in a mutilated condition.

Our passage home was by no means uninteresting. Hundreds of persons asked me how I came to lose my limbs. I was constantly giving a history of my adventure. Many people on first seeing me, supposed I had been in war, where I had got my legs shot off. But when I would give them the true history of my misfortune, they would all express a great degree of astonishment, to think that I had survived it all. Well, I must confess, to me the astonishment is no less. Why was I not frozen on that cold and desolate prairie?

where I lay *four* days and *four* nights, without *any thing* to eat, it having *rained* and *sleeted* the first evening, until part of my clothes was about *one inch thick with ice*, then it snowed about *six inches deep*, then cleared off and *froze*, and kept *cold* and *freezing* until I was found! I ask again, why did I not perish there? Why did not the hungry prowling wolf devour me in my defenseless condition? for they visited me regularly both day and night. There were three kinds of them—the prairie wolf—the black wolf, and the big gray wolf. In the night time they would come within 6 or 8 feet of me, and yet did not molest me. A superintending Providence was still around me. God had not entirely forsaken me. I was not spared from my dangerous position with the horse to fall a prey to the howling wolves.

We arrived safely in Wheeling, April 28th, 1852, and the next day we hired a coach to convey us to New Athens, Harrison County, O., where I had some friends living, and staid with them all night; and the next day went to Cadiz, O., and there got Dr. Wilson to examine my legs. Dr. Wilson is said to be one of the best surgeons in the State: and has had, and has yet, a very extensive practice.

He told me it was one of the worst butchered jobs he had ever seen, or heard tell of. He said any boy ten years of age, might have done it as well, or even better. He asked me what they charged me. I told him that their bill was two hundred dollars. "Two hundred dollars!" exclaimed he, "they ought to be made pay *two thousand dollars* damages"—"Yes, there is no telling how much they ought to be made pay." I then gave him a history of my misfortune and sufferings, which astonished him very much. After I told him where my leg was broken and frozen, he said "they ought to have cut it off *below the knee*, by all means." After this ~~short~~ interview with Dr. Wilson, we started, the same day,

for the residence of my father—my own birthright home—the home I left so joyful—with heart so elate, and hopes so buoyant—with health so good and limbs so free, but *seventwelfths* of a year since—exchanging it, alas! for what? A peaceful and quiet rural residence, in the Western wilds—the pride of man and the boast of wealth? Ah! no—exchanging it for a tiresome journey, a *ninety-six* hour residence, with a broken leg upon the broad of back, on a lone and desolate Iowa prairie, in the gloomy, cheerless and chilling month of December, my only visitors being the sleets, snows and freezing winds of an intensely cold winter, and the prowling wolves of the deep, dark forest, whose ministrations were anything but inviting—a torturous and almost intolerable surgical treatment; a treatment at which a barbarian would blush and a fiend from the nether region would turn pale—a pair of legs that bore me to the majestic height of a man and carried me with the fleetness of an Olympic courser, for the very unfortunate and awfully-to-be-deplored condition of a helpless cripple, without legs, doomed to hobble from “post to pillow” upon one knee, by the aid of a pair of wooden crotches. And thus, in the eve of the same day, I was presented to the sorrowing and sobbing gaze of my mother—my affectionate mother—whose eyes first and last rejoiced and wept at the sight of her boy.

Since I have come home, I have shown my leg to a great many respectable physicians, and they all concur in pronouncing it the worst job they had ever seen, and that whoever done it, should be made pay for it dearly. In short, no one who has ever seen it pronounces it a job that would do honor to a boy, let alone a pretending surgeon. Dr. Carpenter and Dr. Bardwell are both worth nothing, and, therefore, it is useless for me to prosecute them for damage.

But I am now crippled—the days of my activity are gone

forever. I am a poor unfortunate and helpless being, left upon the mercy of friends and strangers for my living. It is true I have a home as long as my parents are able to take care of me. But what shall become of me in future life, should I live to an old age, I know not. My trust, however, is in God, he who preserved me in the midst of the raging cholera—the impetuous current—on the cold and desolate prairie, amid frost and snow, exposed to the merciless rage of the wild beasts of the forest, with my legs broken and frozen; will, I still hope and trust, give me friends as long as life shall last. And now, my dear reader, I have finished the history of my danger and sufferings, which to me seem but as yesterday. It is impossible for you to conceive the pain and anguish, both of body and mind, which I realized during the winter of 1850. Separated more than a thousand miles from my native home, thrown from my horse in an uninhabited region, and maimed so as to be unable to walk or crawl—no human habitation within six miles of where I lay—the raging wintry storms howling around and above me—with no hope of timely aid—for how could I be found in my bed of snow—the thoughts of death by cold and starvation, constantly flitting across my mind—the feelings of my poor distressed brother, should they find the horse and me not upon his back. These and a thousand other reflections, would often cross my mind. But all this was nothing to the pain I endured while sawing and pulling me in pieces, and for weeks after the operation had been performed, having nearly bled to death—and in fact was given up to die. Oh! the horror of these awful moments. None but God and myself could know its intensity. But God has brought me through them all, and while he lends me breath, my tongue and heart shall speak his praise, and when death shall call the balance of my body down to the grave, I hope to die with the pros-

pect of rising again, endowed with a body that shall be whole and undivided during the countless revolutions of eternity.

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST  
IN THE YEAR OF HIS MAJESTY'S DEATH

By JOHN BURNET, BISHOP OF SALISBURY.  
IN TWO VOLUMES.  
LONDON, Printed by J. Streater, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, 1680.

THE first of these two Volumes, contains the History of the  
Reign of King CHARLES THE FIRST, from the Year  
1625, to the Year 1649, when he was beheaded.  
The second Volume, contains the History of the  
Reign of King CHARLES THE SECOND, from the Year  
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## APPENDIX.

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Believing it would be acceptable to some of my readers, I have here added an Appendix to this Narrative, in which the reader will find several original pieces of poetry from the pen of J. F. McGAW. These articles have never appeared before the public until now, being taken from his manuscript of poems and songs, intended for publication in a future day. Here they are:

### THE YOUNG MINISTER'S FAREWELL. L. M.

And must we part? Yes, I must go,  
The gosple trumpet loudly blow.  
The Lord hath called, I must obey;  
Then in your prayers remember me.

'Tis true I'm young in Christ and years,  
But faith in God can quell all fears;  
The Spirit, too, my guide shall be,  
And Jesus will remember me.

I know sore conflicts me await,  
My trials too, will oft be great;  
Then as I pass through lifes rough sea,  
Dear brethern, still remember me.

'Tis love that doth my heart incline,  
To leave my home and friends behind;  
Then when you bow the Suppliant knee  
To God in prayer,—Remember me.

Farewell! perhaps we'll meet no more,  
Until we meet on Canaan's shore;  
There we each other's face shall see,  
And praise the Lord Eternally.

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### THE SINNER'S DOOM.

AIR—*"Mouldering Vine."*

Oh! how vain are earthly pleasures,  
Touch them, and they fade away;  
Earth, with all its boasted treasures,  
Soon must perish and decay.  
When the trump of God shall 'waken,  
Mortals from the silent tomb,  
Oh! deluded millions quaking,  
Rise to meet their awful doom.

Hark! what dreadful sounds descending,  
Down from yonder parted skies,  
Nearer still the sound grows louder,  
"Sleeping dead,—arise! arise!"  
Boundless horror, dark and gloomy,  
Is presented all around,  
Storms and tempests rage in terror,  
While they hear the awful sound.

"Down to hell! poor willful rebels—  
 Sink in endless night and woe—  
 Here their sighs and groans in anguish,  
 Slighted mercy bids them go.  
 Where dark clouds of endless horror  
 Hover 'round their guilty souls,  
 Pouring forth unending fire,  
 Where no friendly hand controls.

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### THE INVITATION.

Air—"Oh come, come away."

Oh! come, come away from rum that dreadful monster;  
 Come sign the pledge and wear its badge,

Oh! come, come away.

Long time you have been drinking rum,  
 Until your health and money's gone,  
 And left you without a home,

Oh! come, come away.

Oh! come, come away from whiskey, ale and brandy,  
 The temp'rance cause—its wholesome laws,

Say come, come away.

Oh come, come away, priest, doctor, stiller, dandy,  
 We cry forbear—the wine cup spare,

Oh! come, come away.

We're sure you'll ne'er repent the day,  
 From Bacchus' cup you come away,  
 And joined the sons of liberty,

Oh! come, come away.

Oh! come, come away from porter, wine and strong beer,  
These all—containing alcohol,

Oh! come, come away.

Oh! come, come away from porter, wine and strong beer  
These all—containing alcohol,

Oh! come, come away.

Oh! come and lend a helping hand,  
To drive the tyrant from our land,  
And raise up a temp'rance band,

Oh! come, come away.

Oh! come, come away, and join the sons of freedom,  
Our flag's unfurled before the world,

Oh! come, come away.

Oh! come, come away, and join the sons of freedom,  
In friendship, love, we onward move,

Oh! come, come away.

We heal the sick and feed the poor,  
We turn none hungry from our door,  
We help them increase their store,

Oh! come, come away.

Oh! come, come away, we give a hearty welcome,  
To join our cause—maintain its laws,

Oh! come, come away.

Oh come, come away, once more the invitation,  
Leave off your rum and drunken fun,

Oh! come, come away.

No longer wear a bloated face,  
'The drunkard's badge of deep disgrace,  
And shun, shun his lurking place,

Oh! come, come away.

Now here, here's a health to all true sons of freedom,  
The ladies fair—its blessings share,  
                    And smile care away.  
Oh! let the crystal toast go round,  
Through all the world its voice resound,  
Till rum feels the mortal wound,  
                    And sinks, sinks away.

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THE RICH MAN IN HELL.--LUKE, 16 c.

"And is this hell?" the spirit cried,  
While burning flames around him rolle'd,  
"Yes this is hell" Satan replied,  
"And you have bought it with your gold."

"And must I here in torment dwell,  
Shut up in black—in dark despair?  
Must I endure this endless hell,  
And all its burning torments bear?"

"*You must*," Apolyon quick replied,  
And blazing horror from him rolled,  
"*You must*," all hell conjointly cried,  
"You bought damnation with your gold."

So said, the spirit trembled--shook,  
And plunged into the burning gloom,  
Yet gave one last, fond lingering look,  
Then sunk, and met its final doom.

Age after age has fled away,  
 And age on age is yet to come,  
 But, ah! no hope—no dawning day,  
 Shall drive away hell's dismal gloom.

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### THE CHRISTIAN'S VOYAGE TO HEAVEN

Air—"Away the Bowl."

Come, christians, let us travel on,  
 To Canaan's peaceful land,  
 Come, let us all go shouting home,  
 A joyful christian band;  
 Our vessel sure—the storm endure,  
 We'll safely ride o'er Jordan's tide,  
 Then let us sail in love's full gale,  
 Till we arrive at home.

The old ship zion swiftly glides—  
 And billows rise in vain,  
 The waves can ne'er break in her sides,  
 She bounds across the main;  
 Our Captain, crew and Vessel too,  
 For beauty—fair—none can compare—  
 Then let us sail—(while sinners rail)  
 For Canaan's shore.

We'll soon cross over Jordon's tide,  
 And land on Canaan's shore,

In Christ our Captain, we'll confide,  
He'll safely guide us o'er;  
A traitor he will never be—  
When storms arise with frowning skies,  
He'll calm with ease the rolling seas—  
No danger need we fear.

Come, sinners, a free passage take.  
With us to canaan's peaceful shore,  
Come, all your sinful ways forsake,  
Your folly all give o'er;  
And when we land in heaven's bay,  
Where night is turned to endless day,  
I'm sure you there will never say,  
Your journey was in vain.

